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Home Circle

Conducted by Mrs. J. B. Gambrell

THE YEAR OF RELEASE.

When the bells rang their peal through the wintry air.

And started the worshippers hushed in prayer.

When the people turned gladly to friends who were near.

And whispered, "God give you a happy new year."

A faint word forth from God chamber of prayer.

"To some there is dawning the year of release."

"They know not the sign that was put on their brow."

Those happy ones soon in his presence to bow.

When the light came and began a new day.

They saw not the messenger placed in the way.

They said: "Will the fall and the sorrow increase?"

Not dreaming they had entered their year of release.

With courage they patiently turned to their task.

For strength, not deliverance, dared they to ask.

They sighed as they took up their burden again.

Of sorrow and weariness, sickness and pain.

Not venturing to hope that their troubles would cease.

Or for joy because in this year of release.

Oh, could they but know what the new year will bring.

What glad songs of freedom and hope they would sing.

How willingly suffer and toil for a while.

Linking arms of their Lord, his welcoming smile.

And the patient hope that will grow strong and increase.

As they counted the days of their year of release.

For, ere it passed, the King's face they shall see.

And over from sorrow and sighing he shall be.

The things that perplex them shall all be made plain.

And the evil of sin never touch them again.

They will gain the bright country of pleasure and peace.

Three happy ones living their year of release.

When, ere they, this year to the end of their way.

With sad faces meeting that wonderful day.

We know not, they know not, the Master alone.

See, who shall have rest in the joy of his throne.

We may say while our spirits grow strong in his peace.

It may be—it may be—my year of release.

Let us live with that hope in our hearts day by day.

We can bear that which passes as swiftly away.

There is work yet unfinished, tasks yet to fulfill.

And lessons to learn of our Father's good will.

Let us spend as for him the time shortly to pass.

And God make us meet for our year of release.

More About New Orleans.

space to tell our young readers

anything about the beautiful and

touching sights we saw in New Or-

leans and its environs.

LOUISIANA CATHEDRAL.

Outside its great massive walls of

solid masonry, looked dark and

forbidding; within the scene was

beautiful indeed. The clergy, or

worshippers there, had had con-

structed at great expense a mini-

ature grotto, with a stream of water

plashing over the rocky ledges.

A statue in ended to represent

the Virgin Mary stood at the door

of a house hewn in the rocks.

Above were the words: "The Im-

maculate Conception." The light

falling thro' the stained glass win-

dows lit up the arch and the statue

with purple and golden light. Be-

low, near one of the columns,

there was an image of Mary with

the infant Christ in her arms; both

were crowned with roses and lilies.

Many worshippers came in while

we stood there, and bowed before

Mary and the infant. Some bowed

before the Virgin in the grotto,

some "told their beads" with wan-

dering eyes glancing first at the

dumb images and then at the stran-

gers who stood taking in the beau-

tiful decorations of art, but saw

no Christ in such worship. How

wonderfully crafty it seems

to appeal to the human soul,

through the eye, and fix the devo-

tions of works of art, beautiful

if we consider them as works of

art, but fearful if they come be-

tween the soul and Christ.

Ought not all Baptists to feel a

tender pity for those who must see

Christ only through cold unfeeling

images, and who must have re-

course to confessing to a sinful man

clothed in priestly robes, instead of

carrying all their burden of sin and

sorrow directly to the precious El-

der Brother, who is also our great

High Priest, touched with a feel-

ing of our infirmities.

We went to the

UPPER BETHEL

and saw how Dr. Witherspoon was

guarding the sailors against fre-

quentering the haunts of vice, by

furnishing them innocent amuse-

ment during the week, and

preaching to them on Sabbath.

Somehow it struck us rather pleas-

antly, this independence in his

methods of reaching after the souls

(and bodies too) of these men

whose homes are on the restless

waters, the brave jolly tars who

are so often led astray by land-

men.

At the entertainment above re-

ferred to, there were songs serious

and comic, and some excellent re-

citations.

We visited

GREENWOOD and METAIRIE RIDGE CEM-

ETERIES.

We noticed the monument raised

to the Confederate dead and

thought it beautifully appropriate.

The figure of a common soldier

crowns its summit, and below ar-

the busts of Lee, Polk, Jackson,

and Albert Sidney Johnson, who

were reminded while looking at it

of a saying of Gen. R. E. Lee which

Henry A. Wise embodied in a

grand tribute to the common sol-

dier. It was this: "If our Con-

federacy is successful, the glory

will be due to the men of the ranks

rather than the men of rank." We

cannot begin to describe all the

beautiful tombs we saw. Compar-

atively few are buried in the earth.

These cemeteries are not "places of

Selected.

Read for a Purpose.

It is a mistake to suppose that

the more a person reads the wiser

he will grow, as a matter of course.

I know a young girl of perhaps

fourteen, who is a devourer of

books of the story sort, such as fill

most of our Sunday-school libra-

ries. Every spare minute she gives

to the business, and travels through

the volumes at a most rapid pace.

But it seems exactly like pouring

water through a sieve. Not a val-

uable idea stays in the mind. The

whole attention is absorbed in

finding out "how the story turns

out," with no reference whatever

to its teachings. Daniel Webster,

when a boy, obtained more in-

formation from a farmer's almanac

than she would from whole shelves

of books read in that manner.

Indeed, such reading weakens the

mind instead of strengthening it.

Nor does it soften the heart toward

real suffering to have the feelings

touched and even greatly moved

by fictitious sorrows. Even high

admiration of self-denial and moral

heroism in a favorite character

leads to no corresponding action in

the reader's life. Rather all de-

mands upon her sympathy and self-

denial make her only peevish and

irritable. Have you never seen

any absorbed reader of fiction weep-

ing over a pathetic tale, but indig-

nant when a weary mother called

her off to attend to neglected du-

ties? How angrily the thread of

every-day work was taken up, and

how little her presence contributed

to lighten the home cares? Any

reading that has such an effect on

the mind is an evil of a decided

character and of the most serious

magnitude. A well-written story

which has a decided point to it is

a relaxation for both mind and body,

but stories of perverted moral sen-

timent, where black is invariably

painted white, and vice versa, are

only pernicious, destroying both

soul and body.

Read for a purpose, and make

the points of the book, your own.

If a story is read for recreation, let

it be a good one in the truest sense,

and do not make such reading the

sole literary food. When we have

found an author who sets our own

minds at work in a laudable direc-

tion, we have opened a good mine.

There are some writers who stop

in, in effect, in every half page or

less, with new trains of thought

which their words have awakened;

and better still, they set us to do-

ing as well as thinking. Cultivate

such helpful friends and you will

then secure the noblest end of read-

ing, and will have paved the way

for high improvement. After the

habit is once well formed of read-

ing for a high and noble purpose, it

will be found a source of enjoyment

never dreamed of in the old days

when reading was only an amuse-

ment.

What the Brewers in Some Sections

Are Doing.

The brewer is not a partisan, he is

a brewer. He uses politics as an in-

strument to kill opposition to his

trade, and he cares not a straw what

happens, so that he is permitted to

follow his more than dangerous

business unmolested. He does not

care what effect the election of this

man or the other will have upon the

State—the only question is: "What

effect will it have on my brewery?"

Is he for free beer or against it?

And the beer-seller echoes his

cry, for he is owned by the brewer,

Lemons as Medicine.

They regulate the Liver, Stomach, Bowels

Kidneys, and Blood, as prepared by Dr. H.

Mozley, in his Lemon Elixir, a pleasant

and healthy tonic, cures all biliousness, con-

stipation, indigestion, headache, malaria, kidney

disease, fever, chills, impurities of the blood,

in the chest or back.

Hon. John I. Martin, office opposite Four

Courts, St. Louis, says: "Lemon Elixir has

equalled for the diseases for which it is recom-

mended. Myself and family have used it for

two years and recommend it to our friends."

Atlanta, Ga., May 11, 1882.

Dr. H. MOZLEY:—Dear Sir: After ten years

of great suffering from indigestion or dyspep-

sia with great nervous prostration and bilious-

ness, disordered kidneys and constipation, dur-

ing which time I used all known remedies and

at great expense exhausted the skill of many

eminent physicians and continued to grow

worse, I have been cured with four bottles of

your Lemon Elixir at the same time perman-

ently cured me of a case of piles of many years

standing.

Rev. C. C. Davis,

28 Tenth St., Atlanta, Ga.

Elder M. E. Church, South

S. Pratt, Druggist, Wright City, Mo., writes:

"Lemon Elixir gives the greatest satisfaction.

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